

## Daily Eagle

"Lost or stolen, or wandered away,  
A heart that was light as a feather,  
Brought and free, and bright as the day,  
No matter what kind was the weather,  
Hello, little maid, I won't be rash—  
If you are a thief you don't look it;  
But, as my heart went off in a flash,  
I sort of—imagined you took it."  
"Now I hate to believe that a face,  
The angels might covet for beauty,  
Would be linked with so deep a disgrace,  
And yet, to believe in my duty,  
Fact is my heart went just as you came;  
A moment before it was sleeping,  
Ours up at once your part in this game—  
I'm certain the thing's in your keeping."  
"You won't give it back? Well, now that's  
cool:  
Some folks would make quite a case of it.  
But in for it! It's a very good rule,  
And I'll just take yours in place of it."  
He did, and the end's not hard to tell—  
"Twas an easy way out of the bother.  
They tramp through life now, happy and well,  
While each keeps the heart of the other."  
—William Lyle in Buffalo Express.

## A PASHA'S SNUFF BOXES.

Some half a dozen years previous to the sudden collapse of the Napoleonic dynasty, in 1870, a certain sensation was excited in Paris by the arrival in that city of an oriental potentate of ambiguous nationality, but popularly known and spoken of as "the pasha." Whether he came from Turkey or from Egypt was regarded as a matter of comparatively small importance; the two essential points in his favor were, first, that he was undoubtedly the possessor of an immense fortune; and, secondly, no slight recommendation in the Latin capital—that he spoke French with tolerable fluency. As a matter of course so desirable an acquisition to Parisian society became the lion of the hour, and no sooner was it ascertained that a spacious hotel overlooking the Park de Monceaux had been engaged and furnished for the reception of his excellency and suite than a shoal of visitors, official and non-official, hastened to inscribe their names in a book deposited for the purpose in the porter's lodge. Every day brought a fresh installment of signatures, until before a week had elapsed the list threatened to rival in length the traditional catalogue of Leporello.

Hussein Pasha—an assumed title, I fancy, but the only one by which he was generally known—was short and corpulent, of sallow complexion and reserved manners; hespoke little, but what he did say was concise and to the point. He was extremely observant, but chary of expressing his opinion of what he saw or heard—only one instance being recorded of a temporary departure from his habitual taciturnity. Having been persuaded by a member of the French Jockey club to accompany him to the opera, he was escorted between the acts by his cicerone to the foyer de la danse, thereby occasioning great excitement among the corps de ballet, many of whom doubtless anticipated that, in accordance with eastern customs, the ceremony of throwing the handkerchief would be revived for their own especial glorification. Nothing of the sort, however, occurred. After a very cursory glance at the assembled sylphids and a muttered ejaculation which sounded remarkably like "mammes a bolai" (l'arommatika), the visitor turned abruptly on his heels and early intimated his desire to return to his box.

A few minutes later Count — was startled by a sudden display of animation on the part of his companion, who was gazing with absorbed attention at an enormously stout lady occupying the entire front of one of the stage boxes. "Ah, la belle femme!" enthusiastically exclaimed the pasha. "Look, is she not superb?"

"Hm!" replied the Jockey club exquisite, but fully able to repress a smile, "that is a matter of taste. Does not your excellency think her perhaps on the whole a trifle too voluminous?"

"Jamais trop, monsieur!" indignantly retorted Hussein, "jamais trop!" After a sojourn of three months in Paris the pasha, who had employed a considerable portion of his time in a practical study of the latest inventions and improvements, scientific and mechanical, with the view of introducing them into his own dominions, announced his intention of breaking up his establishment and returning to the east. Before doing so, however, he was desirous of expressing his acknowledgments in the shape of a suitable present to certain officials of high standing who had been particularly serviceable to him in his researches, and consulted his secretary, an intelligent young Frenchman, on the subject.

"M. Morin," he said, after explaining his project, "it seems to me that the simplest way would be to send a few thousand francs to each of them."

"Parbleu, my highness," objected the secretary, "if I venture to recommend you that a present of money would be consequently regarded as an insult."

"You French are very singular people," observed the pasha. "With us no matter how rich a man may be, he is not fool enough to refuse presents when he can get them. What, then, would you advise me to do?"

"May I be allowed to suggest," replied

## "Safe and Certain"

is the testimony of Dr. George E. Waller, of Martinsville, Va., in reference to Ayer's Pills. Dr. J. T. Teller, of Chittenango, N. Y., says:—

"Ayer's Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplemented all the pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will all compete with them. Those who buy Ayer's Pills get full value."

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of our time. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unsparing satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. B. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."—John W. Brown, M. D., Ocala, Fla., Va.

## Ayer's Pills,

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plied Morin, "that an object of artistic value would be a fitting token of your highness's good will—a gold snuff box, for instance."

"The very thing," said Hussein, approvingly. "Where are such articles to be found?"

"At Doré, in the Rue de la Paix."

"Good. Let him know exactly what I require, and see that he is here precisely at 12 to-morrow."

On being admitted to the pasha's presence at the appointed hour, M. Doré produced, among other specimens of his handiwork, a gold snuff box, exquisitely finished, and encircled with moderate sized diamonds, the interior of the lid bearing the jeweler's name engraved in microscopic characters. Hussein examined it minutely and inquired the price.

"Four thousand francs, your highness," replied Doré.

"I will take it on condition that you engage to supply me with seventeen other boxes exactly similar to this."

"Impossible, monsieur," said the jeweler; "I have only six of this pattern in stock. Still," he added, after a moment's reflection, "I might perhaps be able to manage it. May I ask how soon your highness intends leaving Paris?"

"In a fortnight from today."

"That will be quite sufficient. The six snuff boxes shall be distributed immediately. In a few days six more will be ready, and I think I can promise the remaining five before the time fixed for your highness's departure."

On the following day the six boxes, each accompanied by a complimentary letter, written by Morin and signed by the pasha, were duly transmitted to the privileged individuals heading the list. Toward the end of the week the jeweler reappeared according to promise with a second installment of another half dozen, which were also forwarded to their destination; and before the fortnight had expired five more snuff boxes were in his highness's possession.

The pasha expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the prompt execution of his order. "It is evident," he said, "that the recipients of my gifts are highly pleased, for I have received the most flattering letters from all of them except one."

"Except one, did your highness say?" anxiously inquired Doré.

"Yes. My secretary informs me that one of the gentlemen at whose house my present was left is absent from Paris, which accounts for his silence, and that he is not expected back until Sunday, the day after the intended departure. But," continued the pasha, "how is this, M. Doré? You have brought me only five boxes. Where is the sixth? It is absolutely essential that no one on my list should be neglected."

"Your highness may rest assured that your orders will be implicitly obeyed," replied the jeweler. "If M. Morin will kindly acquaint me with the name and address of the person for whom the box is destined it shall be delivered to him Wednesday without fail."

"Exactly similar to those, of course?"

"I can safely guarantee, monsieur, that there will not be a shade of difference between them."

"Very good," said the pasha; "I rely on your punctuality. My secretary will pay you the 72,000 francs, and on my next visit to Paris you will probably hear from me again. Au revoir, M. Doré."

If any one endowed with the peculiar faculties of Amosueus had penetrated some ten evenings later into the small room forming the back shop and private sanctum of the well known jeweler of the Rue de la Paix, he would have been enlightened as to certain supplementary adjuncts to the ordinary business carried on by M. Doré. He would have seen that estimable tradesman seated at a table on which were lying six gold snuff boxes bearing a suspicious resemblance to those recently purchased by his highness the pasha, and carefully polishing each in turn with a silk handkerchief.

"They all come back to me again, every one of them," muttered M. Doré, with a self-satisfied chuckle, while delicately removing a speck of dust from the last of the half dozen. "No one ever keeps them long, for snuff boxes are locked up capital, and everybody, from Napoleon downward, knows the value of ready money. They discover my name inside the box and naturally bring it to me, and, as I treat them liberally, I am safe to see them again. A very fair fortnight's work, I must say," he added, consulting an open account book, in which the following statement was legibly inscribed:

To sale of eighteen gold snuff boxes at 4,000 francs each..... 72,000  
Deduct from above commission to secretary ("Sharp fellow, that, by the way," parenthetically remarked M. Doré, at 100 francs per box)..... 1,800  
To purchase of eighteen gold snuff boxes from their owners at 2,000 francs each..... 36,000  
Total net profit..... 33,200

"Not to mention," pleasantly summed up the jeweler, "that the snuff boxes are ready for a second edition of the little game whenever another pasha happens to come this way."—Charles Hervey in The Argosy.

## More to Save the Buffaloes.

The next legislature of Wyoming will pass a law making the killing of a buffalo a misdemeanor. An act to this effect is not required to protect the buffaloes as game, for the hunter would hunt the mountains and plains for wild buffaloes in vain. It is intended to imply to the men who lie in wait and shoot down the buffaloes that happen to stray off the reservation in the Yellowstone park, where a few relics of the bygone race are preserved. The dead buffalo brings its slayer \$300 and the temptation to kill them is a strong one for the hunter.—Exchange.

## About Stanley's Hair.

The correspondent who went up country to meet Stanley describes his hair as being quite white. This he ascribes to the privations of the expedition. But those who met Mr. Stanley when he was formerly in this country will be reminded by the telegrams of an incident regarding which the great explorer was some years ago twitted by his friends. As a matter of fact, his hair had become white long ago. But Mr. Stanley did not appreciate the venerable appearance which his gray locks gave him. They became black again a good deal more suddenly than they had grown white. In view of the chance of another curious change of this kind, it is rather awkward that their present color should have been so universally made known.

## FREAKS OF FASCINATION.

Each Man Has His Ideal, and, Very Frequently, Thrice Different.

Dame Nature plays strange freaks with men's minds. If one of the many entertaining newspapers of the day was to inaugurate a competition in which every man had to give an accurate description of the kind of woman most prone to fascinate him, many readers would, I think, be astonished.

Noah Webster's definition of the word fascination is, "The exercise of a powerful or irresistible influence on the affections and passions," and he gives as secondary explanation, "Unseen, inexplicable influence, witchcraft, enchantment." In the words "inexplicable influence" the learned doctor seems to have summed up neatly the whole question. Who can explain what is frequently the case, that of two men of as nearly as possible the same cast of mind, the one will find a woman irresistibly fascinating, while on the other she might not exert the slightest attractive influence? Such a problem is as hard to solve as why the guinea rabbit, instead of putting his best leg forward and making a bolt, circles round the snake, which he knows only too well intends to make a meal of him.

The wise heathen Aristotle said: "No man loves but that he is first delighted with comeliness and beauty, and beauty is for the most part the bait which lures a victim into the meshes of the snare, but not always." Dr. Webster, too, seems to imply by his definition that in the power of fascination, whether exercised by man or woman, there lurks a certain sexual affinity. Yet one of the most fascinating women of history was Germaine Necker, afterwards Mme. de Staël, though contemporaneous record tells us that she was anything but a beauty, and that her dress was not only hideous, but sinned against every principle of good taste.

Women, however, whose names will be handed down to posterity as having founded noted salons, or having provided the magnetic influence to gather a brilliant coterie of wit and talent, have, for the most part, been beautiful. "Beauty is the common object of all love; as jets draw a straw, so doth beauty love." Beauty will always attract, at any rate momentarily; but most men, if they find that a lovely face is but a mask covering a void cranium, will cease to flutter around the flame. There are, however, striking exceptions to this rule on record.

Perhaps the best instance is that of the infatuation of Prince Maurice de Talleyrand, once Abbe de Perigord and bishop of Autun, for that lovely blonde, Mme. Grant, afterward Mme. Talleyrand. Her gross stupidity was proverbial, and furnished amusement for the salons of Mme. de Staël and others, which her husband frequented.

But in the majority of cases something more is necessary than comeliness of face to really fascinate men, especially such men as the "Princes of Diplomats," and this something is the instinctive faculty which enables a woman to adapt her mind to and enter into the spirit of her companion for the time being.

Thus, in my own experience, I have seen a learned professor discarding eloquently on the sculpture of ancient Greece to a young lady whose tastes were in reality centered in dogs and horses. Had he known her true proclivities, he would have stood aghast at such utter barbarism; yet such was her genial, sympathetic influence on his mind that he pronounced her the most charming of her sex—second only, of course, to his stout and learned wife. Had the intercourse been indefinitely prolonged, doubtless the potency of the spell would have vanished; for, in reality, there was little or nothing in common between the two minds.

The power of fascination inherent in woman may, however, be divided into two kinds. All of us have seen the old lady, generally white haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, even when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, living interest in a lad's affairs by such an one has time and again first implanted the impulses in his heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career. Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop.

On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventures who, by her entrancing beauty de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.—Francis Trevelyan in Saturday Review.

## The First Lightning Rod.

Everybody believes that Franklin was the inventor and constructor of the first lightning rod. In this one particular everybody is mistaken. The first lightning catcher was not invented by the great philosopher, but by a poor monk of Seuttenberg, Bohemia, who put up the first lightning rod on the palace of the curator of Preditz, Moravia, June 15, 1754. The name of the inventive monk was Prokop Dilwisch. The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod, supporting twelve curved branches and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore and inclosed by a wooden box-like cover, traversed by twenty-seven iron pointed rods, the bases of which found a resting place in the ore box. The entire system of wires was united at the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Dilwisch, jealous of his success, excited peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that his lightning rod was the cause of the excessive dry weather, had the rod taken down and the inventor imprisoned. Years afterwards M. Meisen used the multiple pointed rod as an invention of his own.—St. Louis Republic.

## New Net to Hold a Sea Lion.

Yesterday morning the crew of an Italian fishing smack, named the Glorietta, captured a sea lion inside the breakers. It was a monster and must have been asleep, or else the fisherman could never have slipped a rope about its flippers and fastened it in such a manner that all the efforts of the sea to escape were ineffectual. The Italians, thinking of the future riches which would flow to them from the exhibition of such a curiosity, exerted themselves to render their capture a certainty. With

much labor they shipped their prize and finally made fast to Fisherman's wharf about 10 o'clock, with the sea lion quietly settled in the hold of their little craft. The news of the advent of the little stranger drew a large crowd to the wharf, and much speculation was indulged in as to the best manner of getting the captive ashore.

Thomas Gilligan, who is now collector at the wharf, was one of the most active in giving advice, and, being some sort of an officer, his opinions were listened to with great deference. The time came when the sea lion had to be taken ashore, and the Glorietta was brought to the incline inside the dock, and active preparations were made for a transfer of the sea lion from the hold to the fisherman's shed.

Collector Gilligan was the self-appointed director of the proceedings, and he it was who carefully inspected the loop which secured the sea lion, and he it was who shouted "all ready" when a dozen of the brawny fishermen took hold of the ropes and tried to persuade his marine majesty to crawl up the incline to a place out of the wet on top of the wharf. The sea lion about this time began to take in the proceedings and to make decided objections.

He evinced a very unlish disposition not to be urged and displayed such a temper that the men on the rope determined to keep at a safe distance. The efforts of a dozen were, however, too much for him, and they had drawn him almost to the top when he made an unexpected flop and nipped the fisherman nearest him in the calf.

The Italian gave one yell, and all, with the exception of Collector Gilligan, let go the rope. He, gallant soul, held on, and suddenly found himself floundering in the bay. The sea lion had taken advantage of the demoralization of his captors and made for the water, and Gilligan, because of his unwillingness to let go of the rope, was made to follow him. The sea lion escaped and Gilligan is wrathful.—San Francisco Call.

## The Decline in the Rate of Interest.

While the rate of interest on government bonds and city and railroad securities has been steadily falling within the past two decades, the rates payable on real estate mortgages have declined in sympathy. This year, in New York and Boston, loans on the best city property have been placed at 4 percent, 2 percent less than the rates current in 1869. In other large cities of the Union a similar decline is observable; and, as between newly settled states and territories and the financial centers of the nation, the disparity in the rates payable on well secured loans is much less today than it was twenty years ago. The significant point in the matter under consideration is not so much that the rate of interest has been falling as that interest has become distinctly separated from the wages of superintendence and the premium for incurred risk, which used to be combined with it.

The return on a government bond represents the bare remuneration of capital employed without hazard or care. An investor in first class city mortgages receives a larger income than if he had bought government bonds with his money, but he has not so easy a time of it. He must have titles carefully and responsibly examined; his creditors may be unprincipled; occasionally he may have the trouble of a foreclosure on his hands. His investments are for comparatively short terms of years, and between one investment and another, part of his capital may be unproductive; or in reinvesting he may be obliged to accept a reduced rate. Hence the competition for securities eliminating hazard and bother, which is one of the notable facts in the modern world of finance.—George Hies in Popular Science Monthly.

## A Realistic Fire.

Fire and Water gives an account of the recent conflagration in Boston, which may be taken as coming from an expert, and mentions a few interesting points. It is curious that the first alarm was given from the same box from which was sent out the alarm for the great fire in 1872, which also began in Kingston street, then occupied by small dwelling houses. In just one minute from the striking of the alarm an engine was on the spot, but the flames had burst from every window in the building, the Brown-Durall store, before a line of hose could be laid. In a few moments fourteen more engines had arrived, but the heat of the fire was so intense that the solid streams of water from the hose turned into steam before they entered the windows, and the engines might as well have blown air at the flames. In twenty minutes the walls fell, and the fire crossed the two adjacent streets. All the engines in the city, thirty-three in number, were hurried to the spot, and help was summoned by telegraph from all the neighboring towns, and even from Springfield, a hundred miles away, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain which prevailed during most of the time, nearly seventy engines were assembled and pouring rivers of water on the fire before it was subdued.

## To Utilize Wave Power.

A caveat for improvement in ocean wave motors has been filed with the commissioner of patents by S. A. Lefingwell, of Coronado Beach, through his attorney, Clara Poltz. The object of the invention is to convert the forces of the waves of the ocean into a motive power for driving machinery on shore for electric lighting, etc.

This is accomplished by means of a float placed in the open sea. In the float are tubes extending to a depth of thirty or forty feet below sea level, open at the bottom and closed at the top in such a manner as to retain a pressure of air. At the top of each tube is a valve opening to admit air into the tube and closing against an outward current.

There is also a valve opening into a pressure reservoir through which air may pass out, corresponding to the valve gear of an ordinary pump. By this arrangement air is pumped into the reservoir with a pressure suitable for driving an engine located on the float and connected with a dynamo converting the power into electricity. The electricity is transmitted by electric cable and used as a driving power, or otherwise, as may be desired. Experiments were recently made on the bay, with the most satisfactory results.

## The Christian Buddha.

The late J. Crossett, the independent American missionary, is described in an official communication to the state department at Washington, in the highest terms, as devoted to doing good to the poor. "He was known by the Chinese as the 'Christian Buddha.' He was attached to no organization of men. He was a missionary, pure and simple, devoted to charity rather than proselytism. He literally took Christ as his exemplar. Innkeepers would take no pay from him, and were ever glad to entertain him."

"It must be said that his wants were few. He wore the Chinese dress, had no regular meals, drank only water, and lived on fruit, with a little rice or millet. He aimed at translating his ideal, 'Christ into reality.' He found good in all religions. After a long conversation with him one day, I told him he was not a Christian, but a Buddhist. He answered that there were many good things in Buddhism. He completely sacrificed himself to the good of the poorest of the poor. He acted out his principles to the end. He was poor and lived as plainly as the poorest of his patients. On charitable subjects he wrote well. The ideal to him was practical. Let this American be enshrined in the annals of men who loved their fellow men."—Hall's Journal of Health.

How It Happened.  
Youngchap—How does it happen that your hair is so much grayer than your whiskers?  
Oldboy—My hair is ever so much older than you know.—Cape Argus.

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The sea lion escaped and Gilligan is wrathful.—San Francisco Call.

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